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GOAL LINES

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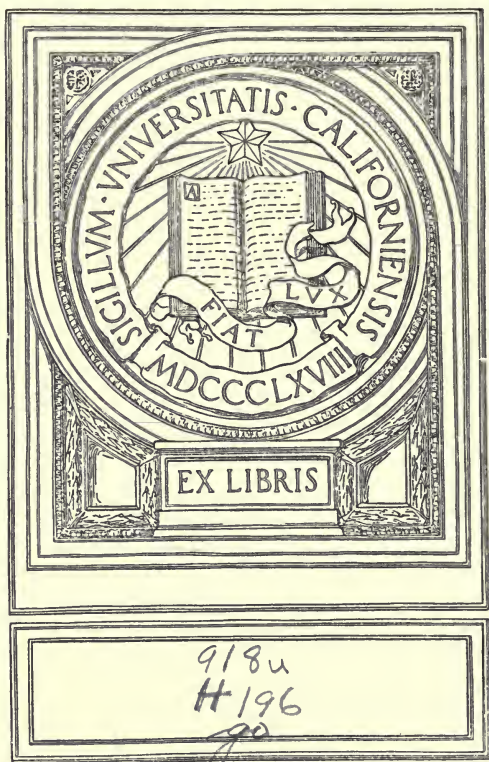


Compiled, Edited, and in some
places even written by

FRANK D. HALSEY, '12

A. C. M. AZOY, JR., '14

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GOAL LINES

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An Anthology of Princeton
Verse, Athletically Inclined
Combined with which is some

CAMPUS CHATTER

COMPILED, EDITED AND IN

SOME CASES EVEN

WRITTEN BY

FRANK D. ^{*Davis*}HALSEY '12

AND

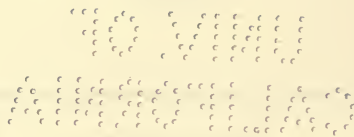
<sup>*Monte
Carlos*</sup>A. C. M. AZOY, JR., '14



PRINCETON

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

1922



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DEDICATION

To those many friends who gave us much valuable advice which if followed, would have kept it from being published at all, this little book is gratefully dedicated. Our gratitude might have been the greater had we done as they said, but our means of expressing it would have been less, so there you are.

THE EDITORS

PREFACE

THE compilation of this anthology of Princeton humorous verse has been largely a labor of love on the part of the compilers, for it has been many years since such a work was last undertaken, and the time had come when somebody had to do it. At least we felt the time had come, and that amounts to the same thing in the end. Apparently the publishers had similar feelings about this book, yet possibly they would do well to classify their expenses in printing it under their income tax heading of "Charity, gifts to." In the name of Charity many crimes are committed, and this may be one.

The volume's faults no doubt are many. Bad verse has perhaps been selected in preference to better, but our only defence is that Anthologies come that way. Also, the partisan critic may, and probably will, arise to remark that Princeton gloats too obviously over Yale defeats. Is there anyone, however, whom we would rather beat than Yale? And Echo answers: "Harvard!"

No attempt has been made to make this, and no claim is set up that it is, an authoritative reference book. The serious student, however, will no doubt find the Notes helpful. The student who wishes to be merely amused may look elsewhere; this volume is not for him.

But with all its shortcomings—both those which are common to all Anthologies and those which are pe-

culiar to this—we present it in the hope that it may awaken a few old memories, raise an occasional laugh, and even sell a few copies. We may be wrong on all three counts . . . particularly the last.

It will incidentally be noted that credit has not been given to the various versifiers whose work is represented here. In some cases this is due to the fact that the name of the writer is really unknown to the Editors, but the underlying idea of this general anonymity is the hope that there may be more anon.

FRANK D. HALSEY '12
A. C. M. AZOY, JR., '14

Princeton, N. J., 1922.

FOREWORD

THE critics who may read this book and seek to criticise its verse, will find no doubt a cause to shout: "Ah, so it goes, from bad to worse." The simple reader, too, may kick that on these pages he will see some ancient tales about the Yales, as back as far as nineteen-three. But good or bad, or old or new, at least there's this much in its praise: There is no room in here for gloom—we only tell of happy days. And there is many an old, old grad, to whom all this will still seem new; to such, we feel, this will appeal, and so perhaps it will to you.

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GOAL LINES

DE WITT'S DUET

Princeton 11, Yale 6

Yale Field, November 14, 1903

Now John DeWitt of Princeton,

By the nine gods he swore,
That the great house of Nassau
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the nine gods he swore it,
And frowned a mighty frown,
And all the Princeton studes poured forth
From Dod and West, and Brown and North,
And hastened out of town.

From Dod and West and Brown and North

The students all eased out,
And many a weary janitress¹
Could sit and ease her gout;
For all the dorms were empty,
Save in some Edwards tower
Where strove perhaps a poler to
Improve each shining hour.



¹ Another word is used in the original text. The meaning, however, is practically the same, and the functions are identical.

Above the empty campus
The elm trees stood aloof;
There was no oratory
Beneath fair Clio's² roof;
Where once the sound of argument
Re-echoed in Whig Hall,³
There was, on this November day,
No argument at all.

Reunion's steps were silent—
No footsteps echoed there;
The cubicles of Witherspoon
Housed only empty air;
Upon the seats of Dickinson
No student sat him down,
For all that had the jack had gone
To old New Haven town.

They had hied them to New Haven,
And in each and ev'ry dome
Was the laudable ambition
To bring the bacon home.
And ev'ry dormitory
Sent up its tale of men—
By train came scores of hundreds,
On foot came three score ten.

And once in town, to old Yale Field
They turned their eager feet;
All morn their footsteps sounded

² A "secret" society, open only to the general public.

³ See Note 2.

The length of Chapel Street.
And many a local damsel
Appraised with sparkling eye
These blithesome youths, and thought of Yale,
And sadly wondered why.

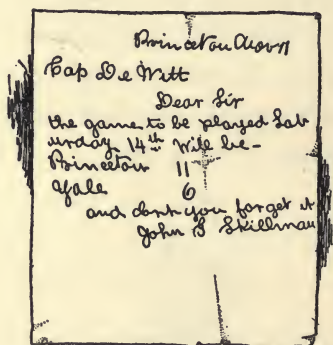
All morn their footsteps sounded there,
While fell the cold grey rain,
But never a man of them but felt
The sun would shine again.
For was it not the Fates themselves
Who had so plain decreed,
That on this day the hearts of Yale
Were due to sink indeed?

There was a chosen prophet,
Hell-Devil Skillman named,
Whose prophecy throughout the land
Had widely been proclaimed;
Evening and morn this prophet
Had quaffed his steins of beer,—
When he had quaffed enough of them,
There was no better seer.



*In vino veritas!*⁴ indeed,
 The wily seer well knew
 That Truth, which hides herself in wells,
 May lie in beer pumps, too.
 He put in weeks of research,
 With patience unsurpassed,
 'Til virtue was rewarded,—
 He doped it out at last.

On parchment fine this prophecy
 He wrote with trembling pen:
 "The score will be eleven-six,
 "And don't," he cautioned then,
 "Forget it," so old John DeWitt
 Took to his manly breast
 The sacred screed, and loud proclaimed
 The name of Skillman blest.



⁴ This is Latin, as any student should be able to tell. What, however, would he be able to tell upon learning that the Harvard motto is *Lux et Veritas*, and that the Yale slogan is in Hebrew, so that only part of the students know what it means? Would this lead to the supposition that one institution had an Admissions Problem, and if so, which one?

And now the fatal day had come,
And now upon Yale Field
The ancient foes drew up their hosts,
While timorous hearts congealed.
"Brecky coax, coax, coax!"
Arose the horrid cry,
But John DeWitt he felt his shirt,
And haughty was his eye.

Aye! Haughty was his eye for there,
Pinned to his noble shirt,
He felt that parchment which foretold
That Yale would be done dirt.⁵
So, fearing naught he clasped the hand
Of Rafferty, of Yale,
And even when he lost the toss
His stout heart did not quail.

Now three lean years had sped them by,
In bitterness and gall,
For three times Yale had won the game,
And Princeton none at all.
And J. DeWitt, as stated,⁶
By the nine gods he swore,
That come what would, for bad or good,
They should not make it four.

⁵ Cf. "Yale Vitamines," l. 12. A curious example of the survival of the idiomatic for more than twenty years. Note in this connection: Schrader, O.—*Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte*, 2 vols., Jena, 1906-7.

⁶ In first stanza; look it up yourself.

They should not make it four he swore,
And beat upon his breast,
And as he beat, the prophecy
Did rustle on his chest.
He felt the parchment's crinkling,
Its words he well did know,
And to his doughty team-mates
He bravely spake, "Let's go!"

And then arose from all the stands
A fearsome, mighty din,
As Rafferty replied in pride:
"Then let the game begin!"
Now up and down the field the ball
Sped like a thing alive,⁷
Until it came to rest at last
On Princeton's forty-five.

To rest? Alas! 'Twas there began
The dreadful Yale attack,
The Yale team crying, "Forward!"
While the Princeton team cried, "Back!"
But forward more than backward,
Wavered the deep array,
And though they fight like steel 'gainst steel
The groggy Princeton linesmen reel,
And their victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

⁷ Cf. "Nesting Habits of the Fatu-liva Bird," Dr. Walter S. Traprock, F.R.S.S.E., 1921.

Now, from the cheering section,
 The wan Princetonians spy
 The massive form of Hogan⁸
 Loom blue against the sky.
 He looms, and leaps, and takes the ball—
 O bitter, bitter day!
 For every plunge that Hogan made,
 Brought tidings of dismay.



And now from fifteen yards away,
 He hath the goal line passed!
 The score so soon was six to naught
 And Princeton was outclassed.
 I wis, in all the Princeton stands
 There was no heart so bold
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.

⁸ The inferential assumption is, that this is a Yale man. For the development of this theory, see: G. Boola-Boola, *Les Couleurs les plus Mechantes*, 1st ed., demi-tasse, Paris, 1492.

Now for a space the tides of war
Do fiercely ebb and flow,
Until once more it is Yale's ball,
A score of yards to go.
Now Mitchell drops back for a goal,
And all the stands are still;
And still the scoreboard tells the tale:
Yale six to Princeton's nil.

Then up spake Captain John DeWitt,
As o'er the line he scans:
"Now who will stand at my right hand,
"To frustrate Yale's vile plans?
"For mark you, we are facing
"The fearfulest of odds,—
"But we must win, for I have sworn
"By eight or nine odd gods."

Now from the Princeton stands arose
A mighty shouted plea,
To block that kick, to block that kick,
And end the agony.
And John DeWitt he heard that cry
From where the students sat,
And smiled his thanks, and spake out, "Ah,
"I had not thought of that!"

And now, at center, Roraback
Doth pass the ball but ill,
Yet Mitchell, fumbling in his haste,
Doth seek to kick it still.

He kicks indeed, but John DeWitt
With laughter in his soul,
Doth pluck the ball from out the air,
And hasten towards the goal.

With Henry by his right hand,
And Davis by his left,
He is by hope inspiréd,
And Yale of hope bereft.
For first they mass on Shevlin,
And at their deadly stroke
He falls, as on Avernus falls
A thunder-smitten oak.

Stout Cooney hurls down Kinney
Onto the sod beneath,
And only Metcalf now is left—
They cleave him to the teeth.
All down the field, all laid out cold,
The Eli team is spread,
And the pale Augurs, mutt'ring low,
Gaze on each blasted head.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the mad whirlwind come,
And louder still, and still more loud
From underneath that rolling cloud
Is heard the Tiger's warnote proud,
The trampling and the hum.

And plainer and more plainly,
Now through the dust appears

The fair white Eli goal line
While sound the Princeton cheers.
For John DeWitt hath found the way
From out this awful fix,
And changed the score from six to nil
To even six to six.

But still the prophecy's not filled,
Nor yet the game is won;
The score remains a fast-locked tie
And lower sinks the sun.
The second half drags to its close,
The time cannot be long,
And doubting hearts do question now:
Was Skillman right or wrong?



Fast moments pass—'tis Princeton's ball,—
The middle of the field;
But here despite such mighty blows,
The Elis do not yield.

DeWitt now kicks to Metcalf,
Who lets the pigskin fall,
And lo! 'tis Henry, peerless end,
Who pounces on the ball.

Scarce twenty yards from Eli's goal,
And John DeWitt to kick—
Ah, Eli hopes are drooping
And Eli hearts are sick.
But no! The kick falls short;
It fails to score—in fine,
It is the Elis' ball again,
Upon their three-yard line!

It is the Elis' ball again,
But forthwith Bowman punts,
And Vetterlein doth catch the ball,
And heel the catch at once.
The stands are tense with fevered fear,
But John DeWitt is cool;
He smites the ball with mighty hoof,
And knocks it for a gool!

He smites it with his mighty hoof,
It sails both high and true,
And scores five points for Princeton,
As field goals used to do.
Thus was the prophecy fulfilled,
For in one minute more
The second half had ended, and
The Eli hearts were sore.

Ah, heavy are the Elis'⁹ hearts,
For that they failed to win,
Although it's slated that next week
They will do Harvard in.
But loud from all the Princeton stands
Victorious pæans rise,
And John DeWitt his name is writ
Upon the orange skies.

And still his name sounds stirring,
Upon the lips of men,
Whene'er they talk of other days,
And what the teams did then.
And Skillman, 'clept Hell-Devil,
Still sheds prophetic light,
Though since that day so long ago,
Not once has he guessed right.

And in the nights of winter,
When the frigid north winds blow,
And the fields where games are won and lost,
Lie deep beneath the snow;
When outdoor sports are done for,
And indoor sports are in,
And good folk gather round about
To drink synthetic gin;

⁹ This note should have gone in long before this. The word *Eli* is believed to be derived from *Yale*, strengthened by the feeling among more erudite philologists that one ought to be able to get something out of Yale.

When tongues are loosened freely,
In the quenching of a thirst,
And the ancient tales of ancient foes
Are musingly rehearsed,
With weeping and with laughter,
Still is the story told,
Of John DeWitt's eleven points
In the brave days of old.



SAM WHITE'S RUN—SEMI-FINAL HEAT

Princeton 8, Harvard 6

University Field, November 4, 1911.

I

Although Yale has always favored a Camp or Jones¹
or two,

And the many sons of Harvard to Haughton once
were true,

We instead to Sam White tender—nor honor shall
he lack—

Our thanks as the defender of the Orange and the Black.²

We instead to Sam White tender—nor honor shall
he lack—

Our thanks as the defender of the Orange and the Black.

¹ Although there is only one of them now active in Yale football, there used to be two of them—Howard and brother Tad,—both much too active. The student is no doubt familiar with the quotation: "There were Jones in those days."

² It will be observed that this poem is in three parts, none of which appear to have much relation to each other. It is an unusual combination of the lyric form of expression with the epic, so that you never know where you are. But for a time, the game itself was like that.

II

With the first half nearly over, the game seemed
up the spout,³
And Harvard looked in clover—you should have heard
them shout!—
We were hunching for a hero to hurl the Crimson back,
For the score was one large zero for the Orange and
the Black.
We wished a wingéd Vict'ry, for the time was short,
alack!
And the yards required were many for the Orange and
the Black.

III

How the cares of life o'ertook us, mingling fast our locks
with grey,
As we saw how luck forsook us, false fortune fell away,
BUT SEE!⁴ Sam White! O render cheers till the welkins
crack!⁵
A White wingéd defender of the Orange and the Black!
If Sammy's none too slender, nor fast upon the track,
He's a quick enough defender of the Orange and
the Black!

³ See?

⁴ Note how rapidly the climax is attained, and how briefly phrased. Just two words, which unfortunately leave you in doubt as to just what did happen. Those who want to know are referred to any account—there is one in this book someplace—of the special repeat matinee performance of his act that Sam staged at New Haven a week later.

⁵ The word *welkin* is more commonly used in the phrase; *make the welkin ring*, and of course if it can ring, it can also crack. In the navy, by the way, it is called a *gadget*.

SAM WHITE'S RUN—FINAL HEAT

Princeton 6, Yale 3

Yale Field, November 11, 1911

"What is that slushy, squashy sound?"¹ the Old Preceptor² cried.

"They're sweeping water on Yale Field," the Simple Stude³ replied.

"Why do they sweep it on, not off?" the Old Preceptor cried.



¹ It was a curious natural phenomenon, commented upon by many at the time, that the sound in question was indeed similar to that uttered by the male squash in the mating season, i.e., "Slush! Slush!" It may be further explained, for the benefit of those who were not among those present, that although it had rained the night before, superhuman efforts on the part of the ground-keeper had succeeded in keeping Yale Field the only muddy spot in a radius of thirty miles. The whole point of the first stanza hinges upon this fact.

² The author must be in error here; preceptors are never old. Three things prevent them from being so: 1—They get promoted, and cease being preceptors, or, 2—They die of starvation, or, 3—They commit suicide. The authorities are inclined to frown on the first and third methods.

³ Again an error. The Preceptor seems to be the simpler of the two; he asks more questions than a chaperone.

"The Lord and Yale alone know that," the Simple Stude replied.

"For we've beaten Yale in baseball and we've beaten them in crew;

Thus we've won on land and water—but can we win in goo?

So they're sweeping water on Yale Field to try out something new,

To keep from getting beaten at New Haven."

"What is that, black against the sun?" the Old Preceptor cried.

"DeWitt has punted high and far," the Simple Stude replied.

"What is that rolling on the ground?" the Old Preceptor cried.

"That's one of Art Howe's drop kicks," the Simple Stude replied.

"For he's tried them thirty yards away and eke at seventeen,

Oh, he's tried a score of times or more, with no avail,
I ween,



For they have more of drop than kick, as readily is
seen—

And we're beating of the Elis at New Haven."

"What does that wild-eyed lad out there?" the Old
Preceptor cried.

"A Yale man, looking for the ball," the Simple Stude
replied.

"What is that stepping down the field?" the Old
Preceptor cried.

"That's Sammy running like all hell,"⁴ the Simple Stude
replied.

"For there's a girl in Jersey City,⁵ and she's hunching for
him now,

Lest his lengthy footsteps⁶ falter and he slip in that
damned' slough,

For scarce a yard or so behind comes Captain
Arthur Howe,

Not wishing to see Yale licked at New Haven."

⁴ The Editors made determined efforts to find another phrase that would be equally descriptive, but more refined and suitable for use in a book destined for the home and fireside. However, widespread inquiry among those who actually saw the event, as to how Sam ran on that memorable afternoon, elicited the unanimous reply that "He ran like hell." And there you are.

⁵ This reference, now somewhat obscure, was clearly understood at the time to be a sly dig at Mr. White's suspected engagement. Readers of this volume will be happy to learn that the rumor was founded on fact, and that Mr. White now has several sons preparing to enter Princeton and follow in their father's footsteps (this is a subtle one).

⁶ If it was too subtle, perhaps this will give you a clue.

⁷ Cf. Note 4 above. It *was* just that kind of a slough.

“What makes New England look so shocked?” the Old Preceptor cried.

“They’re looking at the gay White way,” the Simple Studé replied.

“What makes New Jersey jubilate?” the Old Preceptor cried.

“*They’re* looking at the gay White way,” the Simple Studé replied.

“For we’re beating of the Elis, you can hear the Dead March play,

And the blooming dirge they used to sing they sing a different way,

For the undertaker’s busy taking care of Yale today,

When we’re beating of the Elis at New Haven.”

SCHEERER'S SPRINT
OR
THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE BOWL

Princeton 13, Yale 6
Yale Bowl, November 10, 1919

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
are!

And glory to that agile youth, whose fame has gone afar!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of cheers,
Albeit Prohibition's come and we're done out of beers.
And thou, New Haven-on-the-Sound, proud city of the
Yales

Again let gloom enshroud thy walls and loudly rise thy
wails.

As thou wert joyous in our ills, be saddened in our joy;
For Justice now has seen the light, and wrought thy team
annoy.¹

Huzza! Huzza! A single run did turn the chance of war!
O sound the brass for little Joe, and twang the light
guitar!²

Gosh! how our hearts were beating, when near the end
of day,
We saw the Bulldogs³ in the Bowl, drawn out in long
array;

¹ An unusual form, used as Macaulay used it in a rather decent poem of his quite similar to this one. Means, in this sense, "annoy."

² Or twang the heavy one, for that matter; it's nothing to us.

³ Goldfish come in bowls all through the year, but bulldogs only seasonally.

Eleven doughty warriors, bedecked with azure wool,
 And Kempton playing quarterback, and Bullet Jim at
 full,
 And Yale with three points to the good—ah, shame that
 this should be—



To see the scoreboard give Yale 6, and Princeton only 3!
 But lo! Frank Murrey kicks a goal, and now the score
 is tied;
 At least Yale does not *win* the day, whatever else betide.
 Yet loud we cry unto the god who rules the fate of war
 To grant us one, or two, points more—we're not particular!

McGraw is come to marshal us, in all his armour dress'd,
 But he has bound no snow-white plume upon his gallant
 crest.
 (He has no snow-white plume to bind, but O his shining
 eye!)

He look'd upon the Elis, and his glance was stern and
 high;
 Right graciously he smiled on us as skyward rose our hail,

And from the stands we loosed the plea that fits be given
Yale.

And yet we knew not, nor did he, what was to turn the
tide,

But none the less he smote his breast and manfully
he cried:

“Look well to see some round dome shine amidst the ranks
of war,

To be your oriflamme today—a helmet of Navarre!”

Zowie! The foe are moving. They catch the kicked-off ball,
But in their haste to run it back they do not gain at all.
Now Fido Kempton runs *à gauche*;⁴ he makes a sideways
pass—

But there is none to catch it, and the ball is on the grass!



The ball is on the grass alone—O men of Old Nassau,
Charge for the Tiger Lilies!⁵ Unsheathe the Tiger's claw!
A hundred cleats dig in the turf, two score of arms
reach out—

Look you, someone hath seized the ball! Hark to the
Princeton shout!

Confusion worse confounded! But, like a guiding star,

⁴ Or, as the French say, *to the left*.

⁵ In other words, say it with flowers.

Joe Scheerer's helmet leads the way, like that one of
Navarre!

With blanching cheeks and fevered brows, the Yales rush
up pell-mell,
But Raymond gets right in their way, and Garrity as well;
Likewise McGraw and Trimble find a way to block the
path
Of all the frenzied Bulldog host who—tell it not in
Gath,—
Are perjuring their little souls with heartfelt statements
mighty,
The while they struggle just to get one hand on Joe
the flighty;
But Joe has influential friends who help him on his hike,
As through the serried ranks of blue he flashes
serpent-like.
He dodges here, he dodges there, he's almost down—
he's up!
O never was a game like this since Hector was a pup.

Allah be praised! the day is ours, for Joe hath crossed the
line,
And Yale hath cried for water, full half her team supine.
Their ranks have broken like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;
The field is heaped with broken hearts and wet with tears
of Yale.
And all Yale's stands are hushed, are hushed—but loud
across the field

The gladsome shouts of Princeton men are pealed and
 pealed and pealed.
 Behold! the goal is kicked forthwith and addeth one point
 more,
 And Princeton 13 to Yale 6 is now the tidy score.
 Oh was there ever such a run, in football or in war,
 As that of Joe's—although Yale thinks he went a bit
 too far!

 Ho! men of Skull and Bones, and ho!⁶ ye men of Scroll
 and Keys!
 Get out your votive offerings, and bend your pious knees;
 Enshroud the Old Yale Fence in black, the Taft go hang
 with crepe,
 Have stilled all campus laughter, each merry quip and
 jape;
 In sackcloth and in ashes, go jump off Savin Rock,⁷
 And call down everlasting hate upon J. Scheerer's block!

⁶ At the second *ho!*, Yale men customarily leave the room for, as in the Ku Klux Klan, the secrecy of these Yale societies is preserved by certain klegalities. It has something to do, we believe, with the Tap Room in the Taft, mentioned two lines further down in the same stanza.

⁷ The name, not of a geological formation, but of a beach resort, so-called for the same reason that summer hotels two miles inland are always named "Ocean View," and those on the sand-dunes "The Bluffs." Or possibly its name is derived from that once popular lullaby, *O come to Savin, Rock and Rye*. We do not remember how the rest of the song goes, but why go further?

For this day ye have lost the fight, the fight^s you've lost
this day,
And all your prayers and curses that fact cannot gainsay.
So glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to Joe's headguard, that new helmet of Navarre!

^s To *fight* add: *football game, bets, and temper.*





THE FAMOUS VICTORY

Princeton 20, Yale 0

Palmer Stadium, November, 1920

It was a summer's evening,
The Old Grad's work was done,¹
And he before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

¹ This does not necessarily mean that he was a union man, but subtly shows the advantage of a college education.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he, inside the Trophy Room,
While playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
Being a curious sort of hound.

The Old Grad took it from the kid,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the O.G. doffed his lid,
The O.G. wiped his eye:
"It is the football, Grandchild P.,
"Which won the Famous Victory."

"I never shall forget that day,
That day I shan't forget.
The tumult and the shouting,
I can hear Bill Edwards² yet.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Saw that there Famous Victory."

"Come on, you egg, uncork the dope,"
Young Pete politely cries,
And Wilhelmine essays a hope
He'll do it ere he dies:
"Now tell us all about the game,
And why the Elis wept with shame."

² Not the dormitory of the same name, but by a curious coincidence, a former Collector of Internal Revenue and testimonial dinners. The name is usually given as Edwards '00, or double-O, a thing difficult to avoid giving him.

³ Incredible as this may seem, its accuracy has been verified by independent contemporary sources.

“It was the Princetons,” grandpa cried,
 “Who stood the Yales on end,
As they had seldom been before,³
 So did the Fates portend.
And you yourself shall quickly see,
It was a Famous Victory.

“Mike Callahan, he led our boys,
 His brother ruled at Yale;
And when those lads got under way,
 Kilkenny cats turned pale.
Each played at center for his side,
(I almost said, his fratri-cide.⁴)

⁴ A sort of pun. Recognition of it is optional with the reader.



“Three points fell quickly to our lot,
While yet the game was youthful,
When Murrey made a drop-kick goal,—
To be exactly truthful
We Tigers roared in manner free,
Scenting a Famous Victory.



“The next score came with all our team
A-stepping high and wide,
With Lourie carrying the ball,
Upon the off-shore side.
The Yales were not expecting that;
To coin a phrase, it left them flat.



“Scarce had the second half begun,
When Scheerer kicked a grand
Punt to an Eli rearguard,
Who slapped it with his hand—
And Captain Mike with horrid frown,
Retrieved it for our next touchdown.⁵

⁵ Probably being the only center rush in captivity who passed the ball and then made a touchdown with it, all in the same play.



“Then Keck decided *he* would like
To score, and cried, ‘Ha! Ha!’
And o’er the crossbar white he kicked
A true parabola.
We gasped in gratified surprise,
To view this sight of Paradise.”⁶

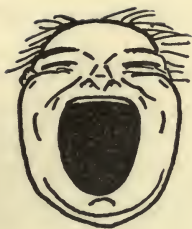
⁶ Compare, but do not confuse, with “This *Side* of Paradise,” F. S. Fitzgerald, *Scribner’s*, 1920. (*Advt.*)



“But suddenly there came a lull,
Keck prone upon the field!
While whispers ran around the stands,
‘Ah, now must Princeton yield!’
They bore him off upon a stretcher,
And things looked black for us you betcher.”

7 An idiomatic rendering of the expression *betchu*, meaning *to bet*, or more properly *bite*. See Sanskrit *bádhu* and Lithuanian *bodus*, the former meaning *sunflower-seed*, and the latter practically nothing. The relation is not clear.

“Yet not for long recumbent he,
For when the whistle sounded
To start the final quarter, why
Upon the field Keck bounded.
And so the total scoring stood
Twenty to nothing, to our good.



“Saint Patrick never led a dance
Like that snake dance of ours;
We lost our voices and our hats,
We kept it up for hours.
For things like that must always be
In every Famous Victory.

“And everybody praised our boys
Who won that contest wild.”
“And did you also win some bets?”
Asked Willy, artful child.
“You said a mouthful, queen,”^s said he,
“It was some Famous Victory!”

^s Cf. “*Americans I Have Met*,” Albert King, *Belgium*.

GILROY'S GALLOP

Princeton 10, Harvard 3

Palmer Stadium, November 5, 1921

With only four minutes left to go
Princeton was wrapped in gloom and woe,
For across the field the chill breezes bore
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
Telling of Harvard's three point score,
While the Tiger still had nothing to show,
And a long, long way to the goal to go.

For Owen, of Harvard, had booted the ball
In a way that didn't help Princeton at all.
But Princeton the kick-off now receives,
And Lourie a few scant yards retrieves,
While the cheering section silently grieves
As it thinks of its bets on that fiery fray
With a touchdown sixty yards away!

But there is a play that Princeton has,
A sort of a lateral, forward pass;
And now through the flash of the sunset light
One Snively puts that pass in flight
To a halfback waiting there on the right,
Who jumps, and is off (who is that egg?
Whoever he is, he's shaking a leg).
Hearts rise in throats—O Lord! what a day,
With a touchdown fifty yards away!

Still springs from those large hoofs thundering there
The dust, like — er dust, in the even air;



And the non-skid cleats sweeping faster and faster
 Foretell to old Harvard the doom of disaster.
 The Crimson host grows aghast and aghaster,¹
 While the Princeton crowd, by squads and platoons,
 Is swaying and praying and baying like loons;²
 Every nerve and each flask is brought into play,
 With a touchdown thirty yards away!

'Tis Gilroy! under his feet the grass
 Like a greenish blur is seen to pass,
 And the Stadium flows away in back
 Like any simile ending in "ack";³
 The Harvard team can effect no check,
 For most of Harvard is on its neck,
 Placed in that posture unique by Keck,
 As he plows along to clear Gil's way
 For the touchdown, fifteen yards away!

¹ A unique form, probably never before seen. Only a supreme moment like this could bring it forth.

² Ornithologically it is a question whether loons sway, pray, or bay. Possibly they could, if they put their minds to it.

³ The Editors cannot condone this shirking, by the author, of the task of looking up the needed simile. (See *Manual of Passing the Buck*, U. S. Army, 1775-1922.)

Through the gills of Gilly the breath comes thick;
He never was known to travel so quick.
Just one more line of the whitewashed track
Awaits the rush of the galloping back—
He's crossed the goal! A volley of cheers
Beats on bewildered Back Bay ears.
Reason⁴ totters, as well she may,
And almost loses her well-known sway,
That a Tiger through Harvard should find a way
To run for a touchdown and save the day!

The rest of the game was quickly sped:
We kicked off over old Harvard's head.
They punted back to our Mister Garrity,
Who looked ahead with commendable clarity
And made a fair catch like a clever kid,
Which gave Captain Keck a chance to bid
For a placement goal—and of course he did.
So three points more were headed our way,
To mark the end of a perfect day.

⁴ Add *Harvard team, Princeton team, Harvard spectators, Princeton spectators, neutral spectators, and Yale scouts* to list of totterers.

On Winter evenings, long and cold,
When old grads gather, be it told
How Gilroy galloped into fame
And wrote on History's page his name.
And be it recorded in order thus:
"Here's to the guy who saved the day,
Whose touchdown won the game for us
With only four minutes left to play."



GO WEST, YOUNG MEN

Princeton 21, Chicago 18

Stagg Field, Chicago, October 28, 1922

The young Tiger Team are come out to the West
With Roper, and Keene, and all of the rest;
But, save their ambition, their chances are few
To vanquish Chicago, and nobody knew
Quite how they could do it. However, they seem
Quite willing to try it, this young Tiger Team.

The stockyards were ready for dressing the beast
Which rashly had ventured way out from the East.
For the men are all he-men, out there in the West,
And thrive on the morals of Edgar A. Guest.
'Gainst such red-blooded men what chance would
there seem
For the Eastern effeteness of this Tiger Team?

Though gloomy the outlook, Old Grads just the same
Had swarmed to Chicago to take in the game.
They swarmed from the prairies, they swarmed up
and down—
One large one from Oshkosh¹ was also in town.
With eager delight his round face was abeam—
Though he hadn't bet much on this young Tiger Team.

¹ The uninformed reader might question: Why only one? Both the numeral, however, and the adjective are correct. There is only one alumnus in Oshkosh and reading from left to right, or vertically he is large. He is, in fact, a perfect host either way you look at it. Come to Oshkosh and see for yourself! (*Advertisement paid for by Oshkosh Rotary Club*).

Heff Herring's² trick hosiery dazzles the eye
As he mounts to the Press Stand the game to espy.
Though dazzling his calves, quite glum is his glance—
In the *Weekly* he's stated we haven't a chance.
He's announced it in sorrow; in truth, it would seem
He had pretty good dope on the young Tiger Team.

For the season was started with nothing at all—
Just a couple of vet'rans, a prayer and a ball,
Ah, Head Coach Bill Roper had nothing but that
And the thought of Geo. Murray's dependable hat.³
But on this slight basis he's builded a gleam
Of possible hope for this young Tiger Team.

And boldly they entered the field of the fray,
Determined to win, ere they called it a day.
For in the last battle in which the two fought
Chicago got nine points and Princeton got naught.
"The honor of Nassau we've got to redeem,"
Was the praiseworthy hope of the young Tiger Team.

² Perhaps the only professional pessimist whose writings are universally enjoyed.

³ This hat is believed to be endowed. Several times, however superstitious alumni have unsuccessfully endeavored to raise a fund for buying a new one, on the theory that if Geo. Murray got a new hat it might change their luck on Yale game seats.

The referee blew for the game to begin
And Baker kicked off 'midst a thunderous din.
J. Thomas was called as Chicago's first hero:
He rushed seven times, and the score was six-zero.
What mattered their missing the goal?⁴ "It's a
scream,"
Said Chicago, "to wallop this young Tiger Team."

Some neat forward passing from Snively to Gray
Parked the ball with the goal line but five yards away;
The first quarter ends. As the second begins
Crum crumples Chicago, a touchdown he wins.
When Smith kicks the goal all the Staggers blaspheme,
With the score seven-six for the young Tiger Team.

Ah yes, so it was, but for not very long,
For Van Gerbig's long punt went horribly wrong;
Chicago then instantly started again
And a touchdown was theirs though the goal kick
was vain.
"This certainly seems like a rather bad dream,"
Wailed the valiantly fighting, but young, Tiger Team.

⁴ What mattered? You'd be surprised how it mattered! Even so early as the last line of the next stanza it is shown how, as far as Chicago was concerned, it was going to make the score all sixes and sevens.

“We long to beat Harvard, we long to beat Yale—
It matters not greatly if *here* we should fail.
But here we have come and it would not console
To get but one touchdown, to kick but one goal.
With but seven small points our plight is extreme,
For that isn’t enough for a young Tiger Team.”

If it wasn’t enough at the time they complained,
Its comparative value had still further waned
When in the third quarter John Thomas once more
Some six points from touchdown affixed to the score.
To Orange and Black, black enough it did seem,
But it looked blacker still for the green Tiger Team.

The fourth quarter’s started; with backs to the wall
While moments grow shorter and long shadows fall
The young Tiger Team fights bravely for life.
How sad thus to see intersectional strife!
’Tis uncivil war when East and West scheme;
But lo! comes a break for the young Tiger Team!

Chicago has fumbled and Gray picked it up—
Ah, bitter the wine in the Windy Town’s cup!—
So stately his form, and so lovely his pace,
That seven points more the scoreboard did grace.
Heff Herring remarked: “It looks better, I deem,
Than I deemed it *could* look for the young Tiger
Team.”

Heff Herring remarked it, but looked at the score
And gloomily noted we still were shy four.
His eye grew more pleased as he looked at his hose,
But why that should cheer him up, God only knows.
Heff Herring, at any rate, held in esteem
The tough fighting spirit of this Tiger Team.

And the Old Grad from Oshkosh, he peered through
his specs
And gasped like a couple of physical wrecks.
He remarked to his neighbors: "I ain't seen the like
Since my Classmate Sam White took his mem'able
hike.

I'm now an *Old* Grad, so it can't be a dream,
For this here eleven's a *young* Tiger Team."

Two minutes to play, when we caught a long kick,
And the Tigers all knew that they had to move quick.
So with line bucks and passes, with courage and Crum,
A touchdown they made, with a goal kicked therefrom!
"Of the salt of the earth they are surely the cream,"⁵
Was everyone's thought of the young Tiger Team.

But high exultation soon turns to despair;
Chicago starts heaving the ball through the air.
By passing and rushing and one or two tricks
They've made it first down, upon Princeton's six.
The way they were going, it hardly would seem
That they could be stopped by the young Tiger Team.

⁵ A very mixed metaphor, but one gets so many odd mixtures these days.

O City of Wickedness, City of Shame,
Why aren't you content with the state of the game?
They're not, and they rush it—and three times are held;
Two feet from the goal they at last are repelled!
Cleaves punts out of danger. Oh, moment supreme!
The game has been won by the young Tiger Team!

Then Princeton let loose all she had, with a will,
But the state of Chicago was aptly termed Ill.
There was prancing and dancing on Mr. Stagg's field,
But Chicago was staggered, her hopes were congealed.
And as long as grass grows, or water makes steam
Let us all sing the praise of that young Tiger Team!



YALE VITAMINES

(Chemist Contends Connecticut's Exhausted Productivity of
Soil Lowers Vitality of Yale Athletes—*New York Times*,
headline, April 11, 1921)

When Fido Kempton hits the sod,
For Yale, for country, and for God,
Blame not the strength of Princeton's line—
Look to the watery vitamine.

List to the good professor tell
How came it that the Eli shell
Lagged far behind the Harvard eight—
That, too, was something that they ate.

If Yale teams are no longer there,
And seem like Samson, shorn of hair,
Remember, please, what makes it hurt—
It is the soil that does them dirt.

The soil of proud Connecticut
They say is now exhausted, but
If that be true, then is it just
To make Yale athletes bite the dust?

The more of that they eat, you see,
The less athletic they will be.
Ah, sad to see old Yale decline!
Oh, vanished, vital vitamine!

The way out of this dreadful mess
Is difficult, we must confess;
But here's a way it might be done:
For head-coach, Peter Henderson.

THE 1921 BACKFIELD

Lourie and Garrity, Gilroy and Cleaves,
Footballers flightsome as autumn-blown leaves,
Filling the Princetons with riotous joy,
Lourie and Garrity, Cleaves and Gilroy.

Gilroy and Cleaves, and Lourie and Garrity,
No hope for Harvard or Yale to get charity;
Worthy a wager of all your wife's dowry—
Garrity, Cleaves, Gilroy and Lourie.



CAMPUS CHATTER

PRINCETON SUNDAY

(A state of mind.)

Another dismal, drizzling day
To dephlogisticate and damp us.
The roads are mud, the skies are gray;
The Lake has nothing on the Campus.

I've four tomorrow morning straight.
But I can't study when it's raining.
The check stubs seem to indicate
My bullion at the bank is waning.

My relatives' ill health is sad,
But I don't want to go and prop them.
My friends are going to the bad,
But I don't care enough to stop them.



THE RAIN

The rain it falleth on the just
And on the unjust, thick and thicker;
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust stole each just one's slicker.

THE TRUSTEE AND THE BOLSHEVIK

(With kindest regards to *Alice in Wonderland*)

The Trustee and the Bolshevik
Were hiding in the shrubs;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of Clubs.
“That they remain in spite of us,”
They said, “Makes us seem dubs.”

“If all of us with all our might
Should wallop them a clout,
Do you suppose,” the Trustee said,
“That we could wipe them out?”
“I doubt it,” said the Bolshevik,
And registered a pout.

“Oh, Clubs, come take a stroll with us,”
The Trustee did invite,
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Will make us all feel bright.
Walk eight of you upon our left,
And eight upon our right.”

The wisest Club just gazed at him
And never a word he said;
The wisest Club, he shivered once
And shook his heavy head,
Meaning to say he thought they meant
Much more than they had said.

But all the other Clubs rushed up
And carried him along,
To walk with them the rutted road
That looked most awful long—
(’Twas strange that they could force him, for
He was so very strong.)

The Trustee and the Bolshevik
Walked on about a mile.
They sharpened up their daggers and
Their whispers hinted guile.
They lined the simple Clubs all up
And watched them with a smile.

“The time has come,” the Trustee said,
“To talk of many things:
Of Eating and Democracy
And Snobbish Little Rings,
And why the atmosphere grows hot,
And what the future brings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Clubs implored,
“And let us have a word;
To kill us off so silently
Would be, at best, absurd.”
“Go on, sir,” said the Bolshevik,
As if he hadn’t heard.

“Oh, please relent!” the Clubs all cried,
Turning a little blue,
“You seemed so nice, when first you spoke,
We almost trusted you.”
“The night is fine,” the Trustee said,
“Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come;
We know how sweet you’ve been.”
The Bolshevik said nothing but
“It’s time that we begin;
We’ve wasted quite a lot of time,
And wastefulness is sin.”

“It seems a shame,” the Trustee said,
“To play to them such a trick,
After they’ve come with us so far
And trotted on so quick.”
The Bolshevik said nothing but
“My! This one’s skin is thick!”

“I weep for you,” the Trustee said,
“I deeply sympathize.”
With sobs and tears, he blotted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“Oh, Clubs,” remarked the Bolshevik,
“Your reformation’s done.
Now you may go your way in peace.”
But answer came there none.
And this was scarcely strange, because
They’d wiped out every one.

DE FACULTATE

*Away, away with rum by gum,
Here they come with a rub-a-dum-dum,
Looking as if they'd been off on a bum,
The faculty of Princeton College-O!*

Here's to one, the friend of all,
A noble son of Nassau Hall,
He's for Princeton through and through,
John Grier Hibben, here's to you.

Here's to Woodrow Wilson who
Beat up Taft and Teddy too;
So once in a hundred years we nip,
The presidential championship.

Here's to Dean McClenahan,
On athletes he has put the ban;
Yale sends him her compliments,—
She'll take his picture on the Fence.

Here's to Miller, they called him Luke,
He told us how the whale did—
Throw up Jonah from inside,
And how old Jonah liked the ride.

*Here's to Robert MacElroy,
Surely a most emphatic boy,
His hair is red, his suit is blue,
And he's for Princeton through and through!*

Here's to Stockton Axson, who
Worked us hard but let us through,
We honor him as only can
The men who've known and loved the man.

Here's to Colonel Libbey, he
Gives a course we like to see.
Sophomores, take our sage advice,
And if you're able, hop it twice.

Students, I propose a toast,
A tender tribute—not a roast—
The Heavenly Twins, Henri and Paul, -
Let's drink their health in a Sky-High-Ball.

Here's to Conklin, Edwin Grant,
Who knows the habits of the ant.
And why the present human shape
Is not exactly like the ape.

Here's to Bill Geology Scott,
He has a carboniferous knot;
He tells us how the world was made,
And how the Lord his pavements laid.

Here's to Freddy Willson great,
Bronze goatee and addled pate.
He's an athlete, that's a cinch;
Chest expansion half an inch.

Here's to dear old Granny Hunt,
Talking ragtime was his stunt;
Academic athalete,
He has Freddy Willson beat!

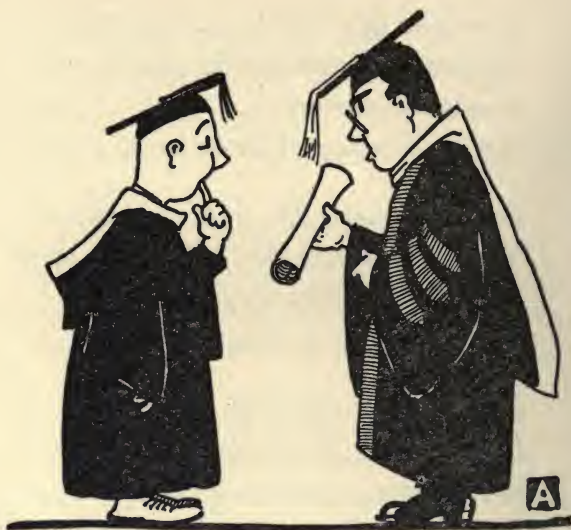
Doctor Spaeth, Sir, here's to you,
Your talk is straight to class and crew.
Your line is often very deep,
But still we cannot go to sleep.

Here's to Freddy Hutson, who
Helps the duller students through.
He never stoops to rulings mean,
We wish to G—— they'd make him Dean.

Gratification, Supply and Demand,
Shorty McCabe just thinks they're grand.
He'll give you all the potent dope
On how to purchase shaving soap.

Here's to Norman Kempy Smith
Who says this world is but a myth.
We wonder if it's really so,
And how we're ever goin' to know.

Here's to those preceptor guys,
Fifty stiffs to make us wise.
Easy jobs and lots of pay,
Work the students night and day.



THE COMMENCIAD

THE INVOCATION OF THE MUSE

Amusing Muse, who oft are wont to hover
Within the *Tiger's* decorative cover,
To me, O Muse, now musically sing
As I sit musing—oh, on anything.
Commencement, if thou wilt; the time is here.
Give me the foam, and someone else the beer,
For in this verse I want but airy froth.
O gentle reader, prithee be not wroth;
I really now am coming to the point,
At last. Muse, sing! Foam, sparkle! Beer, aroint!

THE GUESTS

Vides ut alta Alexander Hall
Now filleth up with guests who one and all
Are seated as their various dignities
Permit each one the little that he sees.
Most favored are the guests of Twenty-Two;
They in the back, whence is the better view,
Assume their places. Then, that section passed,
Trustees' wives sit. The faculty's come last.

THE P-RADE

Doors open wide! Lean o'er the rail and see
(Hold tight, don't topple down) the faculty.
O rainbow, never wert thou half so bright;
These radiant hues have left thine out of sight!
O sea-born Venus, thou art skinned a mile!
O Raphael, thy stuff is out of style!
Each hood declares the special line of stunts
Its owner can pull off—or could pull once.
Science is yellow (sickly hue, say I),
And *Art* is white (Oh, integer vitæ!)
And highbrow highbroworum, this most true
Of all the shades, *Philosophy* is blue.
Return, O Muse, the highbrow stuff is done.
Here comes the Class, and now begins the fun.
Fond Mother's eyes are tearful; Father's purse—
Oh, well, cheer up, you know it might be worse.

THE HONORARY DEGREES

But who are these at whom all look askance?
They are the heroes; give Dean West his chance.
He sings the praises of each famous vet.,
But keeps the list of names, lest he forget.
"Stand forth, stand forth, thou banker of renown,
"Thou hast the dope when stocks are up or down.
"Take this degree, O money-making cuss;
"Perhaps, in time, you'll give a dorm to us."

THE REAL STUFF

We've had enough of Latin, that is why
Salutatorian, we pass thee by.
And lest thou say, "It is a dirty trick!"
We'll skip thy brother too, the valedic.
Rise ye A.B.'s, in Latin it is told
That from the fac. a sheepskin roundly rolled
Is due to you. Step forward, comrades true;
More you deserved, but this is all you drew.
Then come, in Latin likewise, the Litt.B.'s;
B.S.'s hear in English their degrees.
And last, what few are left, the poor C.E.'s.

THE GIRLS

O quickly, while you still have got a chance,
Cast all about a swift appraising glance
And see the Eves the Adams bid attend
To this, of all their college life, the end.
(We call them Eves because, in sooth, forbye,
They are the apples of each suitor's eye.)
Tonight, when going home, they all will say
Sweet nothings to their boys; they even may
Permit a kiss. Call them not women frail—
Tomorrow they, no doubt, are off to Yale.

POSTSCRIPT

*Just as this book has a Dedication,
a Preface and a Foreword, so also
should it have a Postscript. This is it.*

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